

TIM AND TINY Or the Adventures of a Week

By James H. Smith

SYNOPSIS

From 4 years old to 18 the wail, Tim Baker, was ill-treated on the farm of Abner Darringer in Chester Valley, Pa. One May morning he took the advice of his chum, Burt Adams, and ran away to Philadelphia. That day a letter to Abner disclosed Tim's parentage. The farmer hurried off after the runaway. Burt saw his eagerness and followed him to the city.

In Philadelphia Tim rescued a little girl named Tiny from being run over, and left her for the night with a German woman. In the morning, when he went after her, she had gone out to look for him. He vainly searched for her, then went to the chief of police, who ordered a general search. Before noon Tim saw Tiny with Vincento, her kidnapper, enter a saloon. He followed, was entrapped in a back room, pried off the lock of a doorway, went up and found Tiny in a second-story room, from which both were aided to escape after dark by Hungry Joe, a tramp Tim had met, and by Burt Adams. The two boys and Tiny went to the Bingham House. The housekeeper took charge of Tiny, and Burt and Tim had roomed in an upper story room, when the sound of a familiar voice in the adjoining room attracted Burt and the two boys, by listening and peeping over a transom, heard Vincento with Vincento, the kidnapper, plotting to decoy Tim to the Old Ship Hotel, where Vincento's men would kidnap him.

Tim took Tiny to the chief of police the next morning, declined to accept the \$500 reward for her, and told about the plot of Abner and Vincento. Detective Whitton advised him to go to the Old Ship Hotel. Burt saw and told Abner that he could bring Tim to the place, and that evening the boys went there. Abner came, three apparently tiny sailors, but really detective Whitton and two pals, entered soon afterward, and before the old farmer could busily perform his part of the plan to push Tim out of the door ahead of him, the detectives made a fuss, and in the mêlée Abner was thrust out. Instead of the boy, and Vincento's men seized him and carried him to a schooner.

Whitton, with Burt and Tim, followed, boarded the schooner through a skylight saw Abner and Vincento in the cabin, and were listening to hear what Abner would tell about the boy, when Burt unobtrusively dropped a belaying pin on the skylight, breaking a pane of glass and causing Vincento to rush on deck. As he came up Tim tripped him by kicking up the belaying pin and inserting it between his legs. Down he went, sprawling.

Before he could rise, Whitton had him by the collar. "Don't try to get up," the detective said, sternly, "if you value your life!"

Chapter Twenty-Two

VINCENTO AND ABNER COME TO GRIEF

VINCENTO had been in perilous positions in his life, and had thoroughly learned that discretion is sometimes the better part of valor. He lay on the deck as quietly as if he had been stunned by the fall.

"Tim," said Whitton, "bring a long rope." Tim went forward to where the members of the crew were still grouped. They had made no move during this scene, and were evidently resolved to maintain a strictly neutral attitude.

"I want a rope," said Tim. Gaspard silently pointed to a coil of ratline stuff, and Tim as silently walked off with it.

"To his legs first," instructed Whitton, "and don't be afraid of stopping the circulation. I'll guarantee that he won't kick."

He didn't kick, and Tim trussed him from the ankles to the knees expeditiously.

"Now pass it to Burt," directed Whitton, "and let Burt tie his arms behind his back above his elbows."

This was also done, and then Whitton rolled the captive over on his side, whereupon he immediately found his voice.

First he swore with great copiousness in several ways, and then he descended to particulars and abused his captors. Whitton scolded calmly until he had completely exhausted himself, and then said:

"You had better save your breath to defend yourself in court, Morales. It's a State's prison offense—ten years in irons."

Vincento perceptibly shuddered as he heard his own words quoted.

"You've been playing the spy, have you?" he growled. "Much you'll make of it, after all! I'm a Spanish subject, I am, and our consul will see that I get my rights."

"Oh, you'll get all you deserve!" assured Whitton, cheerily. "Step this way, Tim. Do you know this boy, Vincento?"

The Spaniard uttered a dreadful imprecation as he saw Tim's face, and in spite of his boots he half rose to his feet, but fell back again like a log of wood.

"That will do," said Whitton, sternly. "You've caught fast enough, and the wisest thing you can do is to keep quiet."

"Who are you?" demanded Vincento. "An officer of the law with a warrant for your arrest."

"What are you going to do with me?" "Take you ashore."

Vincento turned his head toward his crew. "You dogs!" he cried. "Have you no spirit? Would you see your captain—?"

"Stop that!" exclaimed Whitton, quickly. "If you open your mouth again, I'll stop it in a way you won't like. Your men have too much sense to interfere when it does not concern them. Burt, go down to the cabin and bring up the old man."

Abner was listening with a blanched face to the scuffling going on above, and when he saw Burt he nearly fell over the table in astonishment.

"How do you do, Abner?" greeted Burt, heartily. "What's the matter? You're not looking well. Taking a voyage for your health?"

"I'm here on business, young man," replied Abner, trying to speak easily, and evidently afraid that the dreaded Spaniard was within hearing. "I come here to see a friend, and—here he sits his voice to a whisper, and, clutching Burt by the arm, said, appealingly,

"Oh, get me out of here, Burt, and I'll never forget you!"

"You're a brave fellow to embark in crime," said Burt, scornfully. Then he added, maliciously, "It would serve you right if I massacred you on the Spanish coast fifty miles from water."

"No—no—don't!" implored Abner, wildly. "Burt, what have I ever done to you?" Then, with sudden apprehension, he said, "You've been listenin', have you?"

"We heard every word you said," replied Burt, coolly.

"We?" asked Abner, nervously. "Who is we?"

"Friends of yours," laughed Burt. "Come up on deck, and I'll introduce you."

Abner followed Burt up the stairs, and when he saw Tim he had another shock.

"You here!" he gasped. "Why, Tim, I had no more idea of seein' you here—Oh, Tim, I'm so glad—"

"Go away!" interrupted Tim, shaking him off indignantly. "I am tired of your hypocrisy!"



Abner looked around for sympathy, but found none. Then his gaze alighted on the captive Spaniard, and his eyes snapped venomously.

"Ah-ha! you rascal!" he cried, making a motion to strike. "You're ketchin', air you? Oh, you—"

"There, that will do," said Whitton, interposing. "Don't strike a man when he's down."

"But I've been robbed!" declared Abner. "That man's got fifteen—yes, twenty-five dollars of my money! I'm goin' to have the law of him, if it costs me another twenty-five dollars!"

Whitton laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, and said, gravely:

"Mr. Darringer, you and your accomplice lying there will get all the law you want before I get through with you."

Abner's lip trembled, but he said nothing. "We have been at great pains, and some expense, to rescue you," continued Whitton; "but not entirely from love of you, as you will soon discover. Don't ask any questions now, because we have no time to answer. The only question we have to ask is whether you will go quietly with us in the boat, or must we tie you like this scamp?"

Vincento, who had been listening in silence, here broke out.

"Tie up the old villain!" he shouted. He's slippery as an eel!"

"No, no!" cried Abner, beseechingly. "Don't you do it, boys! I promise I'll keep still as a mouse."

"Very well," said Whitton. "Climb down into the boat, Burt, and prepare to receive visitors."

Burt obeyed orders promptly, and then Whitton called to Gaspard and the negro.

"Big chair," he said, sharply, "and lower your captain into the boat. Handle him gently, but," he added, as Vincento glanced threateningly on the sailors, "don't be afraid of his vengeance. No matter what happens, he will never command this ship again."

This seemed to relieve the men considerably, and they went to work with a will, and soon had Vincento in the boat.

Abner was next ordered down, and it took about five minutes to persuade him to venture down the ladder. Then the vessel swayed, his fingers were pinched, he put one leg in the water, and, when he finally got

seated, he shook so that he rocked the boat.

Tim went down next and Whitton last. Before he left the schooner he made a little speech to the crew, and congratulated them on their good sense in not interfering.

Gaspard grinned. "We're glad to get rid of him," he said, frankly. "But what am I to do with the schooner?"

"Remain at anchor," replied Whitton, "and I'll have the Spanish consul send you instructions."

Whitton and Burt did the rowing, as before, and, as the load was heavier and they were pulling against the tide, it was nearly midnight before they reached the wharf at Chestnut street.

During the voyage Vincento lay quiet, with the exception of an occasional growl, and Abner, after being severely snubbed several times, relapsed into a groaning state.

"Now, my man," said Whitton, briskly, as he hauled Vincento up on the wharf with Burt's assistance. "I'll take these ropes off your legs so that you can walk."

Tim made a step forward, when Whitton restrained him.

"Let him go," the detective said, in a whisper. "It will do him no harm, and may do you good. You go to your hotel and to bed, and I'll see you in the morning."

Chapter Twenty-Three

ABNER IS CALLED TO ACCOUNT

ALTHOUGH they went to bed late, the boys were up early and had their breakfast before Mr. Whitton arrived.

"Well," said he, cheerily, "how do you feel after your adventure?"

"I feel pretty well," replied Tim. "That's quite remarkable," put in Burt. "Now, all I did was to pull a pair of oars for about fourteen miles, and yet I feel sore from head to foot. Considering how you did the heavy standing around, I should think you'd be about half dead!"

Tim laughed good-naturedly. "Before I go out again to board a vessel, I'll learn to row," he said, with a laugh. Then, turning to the detective: "I didn't sleep very well last night, thinking of Mr. Darringer. I am sorry he was put in a cell."

"I am not," said Burt, bluntly. "Nor I," added Whitton. "It will not do him any harm, and, as I told you last night, may do you good."

"I don't see how," said Tim. "Don't you? Let me explain. The Spaniard and Darringer are to have a hearing to-day. Now there is no trouble in having Vincento bound over for trial but I must tell you there is not much of a case against Darringer."

"How can that be?" asked Tim in surprise. "I am sure that Abner was the one who proposed the villainy."

"No doubt; but the mischief of it is that there was no villainy committed. You were not kidnapped and Abner was. If you had only let yourself be shoved out of that side door the case might have been different. But you didn't and that complicates matters."

"Perhaps you might let Abner go and give him another chance at Tim?" suggested Burt, gravely.

"Nonsense!" said Tim, sharply. "Very well," rejoined Burt, with a grin. "Then suppose we kidnap Abner and—"

"Pooh!" "Very well again. I'm dumb as an oyster."

"Let us be serious," said the detective. "We have no hold on Darringer, or very little, but we must remember that he doesn't know that. At present he is under the impression that he is going to be hanged, or imprisoned for life at the very least. Now, while he is in that frame of mind, I think we might get that secret out of him."

"Don't we know it?" asked Burt. "Do we?" queried Whitton, with a smile. "It strikes me we know very little. Who is the man who is searching for our friend here?"

"Abner doesn't know."

"Abner said so, but I'm afraid Abner doesn't always tell the truth. I suspect that he has the address of the unknown, and something more than the postoffice address."

"But he said—"

"I know he did, but that makes no difference. He was shrewd enough to know that his story was sufficiently plausible not to excite the Spaniard's suspicion; but I've seen too many rogues to be deceived. I am satisfied that I am right, and the only question is, can I persuade him that it is to his interest to reveal the secret?"

"I have an idea," said Burt, eagerly. "How would it do to buy his secret? My father, I am confident, would give—"

"Wouldn't do at all," said Whitton, interrupting him unceremoniously. "Abner's vice is avarice, and if you offer him money, he will immediately conceive that his secret is immensely valuable. That will never do. I think I can manage it, if you are willing to let me try."

"I am willing," assured Tim, promptly. "In that case," said Burt, with all the solemnity of a judge, "I withdraw all opposition."

Whitton laughed.

"Then we will set to work at once. To begin with, I will have Vincento arraigned separately this morning."

"How can you do that?" asked Burt. "Abner is as deep in the mud as Vincento is in the mire."

"He will not be charged with kidnapping," answered the detective. "Fortunately for our purpose, the Spaniard is a man of many crimes, and there are several charges against him, on any one of which the grand jury will indict. That will dispose of him, and now for our friend, the farmer. I will have him released from the cell and taken into a private room, and there we will examine him. I am relying a great deal on his ignorance of judicial proceedings. Am I right?"

"I don't think Abner knows much about law," said Tim, smiling.

"If Abner saw a magistrate's court," declared Burt, with great violence, "he couldn't tell it from a grand jury to save his life!"

"No I had imagined. Then we may rely on his not detecting our little scheme, unless you betray it by some unlucky speech. And now, as it is 9 o'clock, suppose we go."

When they reached the Central Station, Whitton left them in an ante-room, plainly furnished with a desk and a few chairs, while he went around to the magistrate's court.

It was a full hour before he returned, and during that time the boys talked of Tim's prospects.

"Will you work for the baker, do you think?" asked Burt, at length.

"I see nothing else for me to do," replied Tim. "It will do very well until I learn city ways, and then I will look for something better. I don't at all expect to find out anything about my father and mother except their names, and I don't found any hopes on

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